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The Weaver's Garland:

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Or, A Christian's Patience. *34*

In twenty-seven Divine and Moral Lessons, between a despairing Husband and a chearful Wife.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
Lord THOMAS and Fair ELLINOR.



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bury; Mr. Barkow & Mr. Davis, Leominster;
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The Weaver's Garland.

Sweet, dear, and virtuous wife, my senses are
strife,

About this careful life, for we decline;
Times being very hard, all trading spoil'd & mine.
I have a great regard for thee and thine.

I thank you for your care, yet husband don't despair
Let us with patience bear our sorrows here:

Dear love, 'tis but in vain to sigh, weep, & complain
We yet may thrive again, be of good cheer.

O dearest love, said he, how can I cheerful be,
When pinching poverty knocks at the door,

And will not thence depart? this grieves me to
I never felt such smart, sweet wife before. [heer]

Dear husband do not make such mourn, for heaven
f me this counsel take, your besom friend: [take]

'Thro' patience put your trust in him who made ye
first,

When times are at the worst, sure they will mend
Dear love it may be so; but e'er the grass do grow

The horse may starve you know, then 'tis too late
So my dear family, who want a quick supply,

'Thro' long delays may die, oh, cruel fate!
Dear husband don't despair, avoid distracting care

I will the burden bear along with you;
Our sons & daughters they shall work, & if we may

Get bread from day to day, love, that will do
At a poor sorry rate; dear wife, you know of late

My losses have been great, by wicked men.

Repine not for worldly pelf, bless God we have our health,

The which is more than wealth, be thankful then,
Job lost abundance more, besides his body sore,

Which he with patience bore: When tidings
How all in ruins lay, he patiently did say, [came

God gives and takes away, blest be his name.

Job did not fume and fret, when with these thing

Dear loving husband let us imitate [he met,

His patience when in pain; Job found it not in vain,

God rais'd him up again, and made him great,

Love, I have often read, how Job was comforted;

Yet I am full of dread and fear: for why,

Our family is large, six children are some charge,

We fall within the verge of poverty.

Dear husband don't repine, nor grudge this charge
of thine,

Blest be the Power Divine, sweet bakes they are

When we shall aged grow, with locks like winter

inow,

They may, for ought we know, lessen our care.

It is a great offence, to disturb providence,

Whose blessed influence takes special care

f all the sons of men: husband be cheerful then,

God will be gracious when thankful we are.

My fingers do not itch to be exceeding rich,

May we but go thro' sitch, keep from the door

The greedy wolf of prey, and all our dealers pay,

Believe me what I say, we need no more.

I and my children dear will work, then never fear

But we shall something clear; Tommy shall

weave,

The girls shall all begin forthwith to card and spin,
Which will bring something in; so never grieve.
These hands which never wrought, shall be to labour brought,

The which I little thought would be till now;
But in regard I see it is my destiny

I'll draw along with thee; God speed the plow.
I value not to dine on sumptuous dishes fine,

With good strong beer or wine from foreign parts.
Bread, water, or small beer, instead of better cheer,

Let us receive, my dear, with thankfulness.

In all conditions still, let us not take it ill,

Since 'tis God's blessed will it should be so;

Whether we rise or fall, our substance great or small,

Content is all in all, my dear you know.

O most indulgent mate, after this long debate,

My comforts they are great, in a kind wife;

Tho' some may think it strange, my fancy seems to

But 'tis a happy changedoubtless, my life. [range,

For, to my joy, I find a sweet composed mind,

I wish that all mankind was full as well;

Despair's a dreadful thing, which does poor mortals
bring

Under the bitter sting of death and hell.

Sweet wife & heart's delight, I had been ruin'd quite

In death's eternal night, hadst thou not been

The happy instrument that ruin to prevent,

Love, joy, and sweet content, I now am in.

Tho' slender is my store, yet I'll despair no more,

The man is truly poor who wants content;

But where contents increase, 'tis a continual feast,

Thank God I am releas'd, death to prevent.

As God shall give me grace, thy council I'll embrace,

Despair shall not take place in me henceforth :
Farewell litigious strife, and come my chearful
wife,

Thy words have sav'd my life ; God bless us both,
And all mankind likewise, from the calamities,

Which do, like fogs, arise from black despair.
Let doubting christians fly, in their extremity,

To God who sits on high, with fervent prayer,
For he's man's friend in chief, and fountain of relief

When I was in despair, and at the worst,
My dear indulgent bride, her counsel was my guide,

In God I'm satisfy'd, in him I trust.

My children, wife, and I, we will ourselves apply
To true industry, and leave the rest

To Providence Divine ; henceforth I'll not repine,
I hode that me and mine shall yet be blest.

Thus by the good wife's care, the man who did
despair,

Was brought at length to bear his sorrows rise.
In bitter pangs of grief, her words did bring relief,

She was his friend in chief and faithful wife.
Good men and women pray, who hear me now

this day,
Labour without delay to live in love ;

Assist each other still, in fortune good or ill,
Then you'll have a blessing still come from above.

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A Tragical Ballad on the unfortunate Love of Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor, with the Downfall of the Brown Girl.

LORD Thomas he was a bold forester,
 And a chaser of the king's deer;
 Fair Elinor she was a fine woman,
 And Lord Thomas he loved her dear.
 Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, he said,
 Come riddle it all as one,
 Whether I shall marry with fair Elinor
 And let the Brown Girl alone.
 The Brown Girl she has got houses and lands,
 And fair Elinor she has got none,
 Therefore I charge you, on my blessing,
 To bring me the Brown Girl home.
 As it befel on a high holiday,
 As many more did besides,
 Lord Thomas he went to fair Elinor,
 Who should have been his bride.
 And when he came to fair Elinor's bower,
 He knocked there at the ring,
 But who was so ready as fair Elinor
 To let Lord Thomas in.
 What news, what news, Lord Thomas she said
 What news hast thou brought unto me?
 I am come to bid thee to my wedding,
 And that is bad news for thee.

O God forbid, Lord Thomas, she said,
 That such a thing should be done,
 I thought to have been the bride my own self,
 And you to have been the bridegroom.
 Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, said she,
 Come riddle it all as ene.
 Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
 Or whether I shall tarry at home.
 There's many that are your friends, daughter,
 And many that are your Foes,
 Therefore I charge you on my blessing
 To Lord Thomas's wedding don't go.
 There's many that are my friends mother,
 And though thousands more were my foes,
 Betide my life or betide my death,
 To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go.
 She cloathed herself in gallant attire,
 And her merry men all in green,
 And in every town that she rode through
 They took her to be some queen,
 But when she came to Lord Thomas's gate,
 She knocked there at the ring;
 And who was so ready as Lord Thomas,
 To let fair Elinor in.
 Is this your bride? fair Elinor said,
 Methinks she looks wonderous brown,
 You might have had as fair a woman
 As ever trod on the ground.
 Despise her not, fair Ellin, he said,
 Despise her not unto me,
 For better I love thy little finger,
 Than all her whole body.

This Brown Girl had a little penknife,
 Which was both long and sharp,
 And between the short ribs and the long,
 Prick'd fair Elinor to the heart.
 O Christ, now save thee, Lord Thomas he said,
 Methinks thou look'st wond'rous wan:
 Thou us'd to look with as fresh a colour,
 As ever the sun shone on.
 Oh, are you blind Lord Thomas, she said,
 Or cannot you very well see,
 That you do not see my own heart's blood
 Run trickling down my knee.
 Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side,
 As he walked about the hall,
 He cut off his bride's head from her shoulders,
 And threw it against the wall.
 He set the hilt against the ground,
 And the point against his heart:
 There never were three lovers met
 Who sooner did depart.

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